

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[July 4, 1874.]

know you are tired. You have had no opportunity to make a decent toilet for days, perhaps. I doubt if you wish to show yourself to Mr. Lasalle as such a predicament?"

"I would rather not see him—indeed, indeed, I would rather not," cried Dora again.

"Very well; you and I will return to the house. John shall tell Mr. Lasalle to do with the first postman to see you before you hear James."

"Yes, Miss," with a brief and a grim smile.

"Tell him that Mr. Saul is a particular friend of mine. He will need no other recommendation. Your good friend will be ready to speak, now."

Then she laughingly laid one of her jewelled hands upon Saul's.

"Go," she said, "and take care that you do not linger too long. At hour hence we shall expect to meet you in the drawing-room. Do not disappoint us."

She smiled upon him again in a manner that fairly turned the poor fellow's head; shook hands warmly, and then merrily signed for him to follow James.

But her eyes burned with a hateful, lurid light, that boded ill to somebody.

"I am well, or rather ill for Saul, that he might not see them distinctly, or interpret their expression. In that case he would have been much less ready to have followed James into the deeper masses of the shrubbery, perhaps."

When the two men were lost to sight, Dora grasped Bertram's hand tightly in her own.

"Come," she said, in a voice that sounded strangely cold and harsh. "Let us go in."

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT BEFEL SAUL.

Saul walked on at the heels of the ungainly fellow. Dora had denounced James, threading first one labyrinthine path and then another.

He observed, with a feeling of growing uneasiness, that each successive rod he passed over was taking him further and further from the house.

He glanced sharply at his companion once or twice. The man's face was not distinctly visible. He kept a pace or two in advance, perhaps on purpose to avoid too close scrutiny.

But his rusty-red hair, loping gait, and hang-dog eye generally, were enough to insure distrust.

"His looks are not in his favor," thought Saul. "I wonder if he is really a gardener? He has not the appearance of one."

Aloud, he said, presently:

"Have we much further to go?"

"A little way, only a little way," answered James, obsequiously, though he still did not turn his head.

"I am tired; I have travelled far since I have rested."

"Mr. Lasalle will make you very well come, sir. We have only to go down that path yonder, turn short to the right, and we are with him."

"Lead on, then," for they had paused, almost involuntarily, while speaking.

"Master will give you the best room in the house when he learns you are Miss Dora's friend."

Saul started abruptly, a sudden purple flushed his face.

"Whose friend?" he questioned.

This was the first time he had heard the beautiful tempest called by any name.

"Miss Dora, sir," and now the man wheeled half-way round, and favored Saul with a long, bewilderred stare.

The latter did not bear it very well. The purple flush died out of his face, and it blanched to ghostly whiteness. He put out one shaking hand, and laid it upon his companion's arm.

"Dora?" he echoed, "what other name has she?"

James hesitated manifestly at a loss what to say or do. He blurted out the truth:

"Raymond, sir. Dora Raymond."

Saul did not cry out, but he stood breathless—fixed as a stone, staring wildly at the so-called gardener.

"Dora Raymond," he murmured, like one talking in a dream. "One of the Raymonds of Shrublands?"

James stammered, and stammered, and finally made answer:

"No—no! I reckon Miss Dora didn't come from no such place as Shrublands. Least ways, I never heard of it."

A sort of shiver ran over Saul's frame. He rallied from the momentary bewilderment into which he had been thrown. He saw James glance swiftly up and down the path, with a shrewd eye, that seemed to be calculating chances.

Long acquaintance with danger had made him cautious to an unusual degree. He swung half-round, with his eyes kindling.

"You have lied to me," he said, deliberately, stopping short.

The man changed color.

"No, I swear I have not, sir. Come on, sir. You shall talk with master. He can tell you all about Miss Dora. Perhaps you are right, but I don't say you are, mind."

Saul did not stir. He stood balanced upon his toes, undecided which way to turn.

"You are deceiving me," he cried, suddenly, the conviction growing so strong he could no longer hope to resist it. "I don't believe Mr. Lasalle is in these grounds at all."

James wheeled fiercely upon him at that, a devilish glint in his greenish-gray eyes.

"He is—I swear. Come on."

"I shall not; you can bring him here if you choose."

They were now very near the fir-plantation. Saul could distinctly hear the wind sighing and sobbing among the branches of the trees. The sound fell upon his ears almost like a dirge. It seemed to preage ill to him.

James stood silent a moment, after the abrupt refusal to go on. His saturnine features worked convulsively; his flashing eyes seemed almost to send forth sparks of fire.

Suddenly he blew a shrill whistle; then turned upon Saul with the face of a baffled fiend.

"Illustrated!" cried the hapless man, in a voice of utter despair, for he could not fail to interpret such a look as that.

He turned to fly. James pounced upon him with the fury of a tiger.

"Take that!" he exclaimed, dealing Saul a stunning blow with his clenched fist.

"You've given us trouble enough," with a scowl. "I'm tempted to put it out of your power to trouble us again."

Saul roared, snarled, and clasped both hands over his temples, blinded, benumbed.

At the same instant footsteps came dashing up to them from the direction of the plantation. Were they coming to his rescue? He had just enough left to lift his hand and snarl wildly around.

What he saw was still bunting over him with a sneering, malignant face, and Captain Marthe, whom he had seen several

times before, a little way in the background.

The youth dashed like lightning upon his prey. The lad darted into a trap. Captain Marthe, running to the house by the side of the garden, where the old man and Meg sat and had a quiet chat.

Then headed Bill, mad, have-had, and mad again, and came straight to Billwood, where they had planned the assault with Dora.

"Poor Bertram!" he moaned, in tones of love and despair. "God bless her! She has fallen into a den of wolves."

And then, seized by his soul, rather than his body, an irresistible longing, anguish, despair, came in the ground-path, at the very feet of his bodily foes.

(To be continued in our next.)

TREASURE IN HEAVEN.

Every coin of earthly treasure.

We have lavished upon earth,
For the sake of earthly pleasure,
A thousand times more than is worth,
For the spending was not saving,
Though the purchase were but small,
It has paid us back the cost.

We have lost—lost it all,
All the gold we have hoarded up,
When we turn to dust again,
(Though our earthly wealth is still with us),
We have gained nothing vain.

Now we neither can direct it,
By the winds of fortune bound,
Nor in other words expect it,
What we heard—what we have lost.

But such merciful oblivion—
Grief of pity won't win us,
What we gave in self-negation,
We have lost—lost it all,
Thus of treasure freely given,
For the future we may hard,
For the angels keep, in Heaven,
What is lost unto the world.

DISENCHANTED.

BY RUTHY BURKE.

An autumn sunset blazed about the Beechwood hills, and mingled the rustling oak-boughs with a redder glow, as Philip Vane rode down the long avenue that led from his old country seat to the village high-road.

Standing in the porch, his mother, a fair, gentle-faced woman, reclined in widow's weeds, looked after him with an expression of anxious solicitude.

"Are you sure, my dear boy, quite sure that you have chosen wisely?" she said to him as they parted.

"Why, mother, do you ask?" had been his reply. "Rose is all you could desire her to be. She is refined, accomplished, and very beautiful."

"I hope my boy will not be disappointed," murmured the mother, as he rode off. "Yet people who ought to know, say that Rose is both a girl and passionate. What am I to do?"

Meanwhile, Philip cantered quietly away. But, after while, he dropped the reins on his horse's neck, and took a dainty little casket from his waistcoat pocket. It contained an exquisite ring, richly set with pearls and amethyst. It was his engagement ring, which he had turned over in his fingers, and held it up in the autumn sunset, his handsome eyes grew tender and humid, and his bearded lip trembled like a woman's.

Philip Vane's love-story was very brief. He was one of those men who are not easily captivated, and so he had remained heartless until the preceding spring. About the first of May he attended an agricultural show in an adjoining county, and at a ball there had met Rose Denham, the prettiest girl in Talbot, and he lost his heart.

"My dear, you will have three nice silks, and a good many other dresses; and you won't need so many changes at Beechwood," interposed the mother.

"What's the reason I won't?" almost screamed Rose. "Do you think I'm going to be shut up at Beechwood all this winter? I'll show you, and I'll show Philip Vane, too. I'm going to have a gay season, if I live, and I want the right kind of an outfit—and I mean to have it. So there's no use talking; you know I always have my way."

Then there came the sound of griefed sobbing; and a child's voice, the voice of Rose's little sister, Alice, cried out, "See, Rose, you have made poor mamma cry. How can you be so naughty?"

"Hush, this minute, you meddlesome little thing! Who asked you to put in your say? I don't see what you're here for either, gaping at every word that's said, and pulling what few things I've got to pieces. Come, take yourself off to the nursery as quickly as you can."

Philip Vane heard the sound of a sharp blow, and the next moment little Alice ran out, crying ready to break her heart. He had risen to his feet in utter amazement; and, passing the dining-room door, the child saw him. She stared a moment, and then cried out, in wicked delight:

"Aha, Miss Rose! here's Mr. Vane in the dining-room, and he's heard how naughty you're been—haven't you, Mr. Vane?"

Not believing the child, Rose hurried to the dining-room door, and there she stood transfixed. Her beautiful, golden hair was all in a tangle, and she wore an untidy, old wrapper, both soiled and torn, and her fair face was flushed and distorted with passion. Philip Vane, standing grave and stern in the middle of the dining-room, regarded her for several moments in silence, and with an agony at his heart that seemed like death itself. Then he advanced, and extended his hand.

"Good-bye, Rose!" he said, sadly. "No words that I can speak could express what I feel. I loved you as my own life; but I am disenchanted. I am glad this has happened now; it is better than hereafter. Yet I don't think I can ever forgive you."

And before the terror-stricken girl could utter a single word, he was gone.

"Oh, me! Oh, me!" she wailed, wringing her hands. "It is all over! I have lost him! I have lost him!"

"And no wonder," replied her mother, sternly. "God wouldn't suffer it. He's too good."

Over the crisp meadows, and under the shadow of the purple hills, Philip Vane walked back to Beechwood, shaken like a very weak, strong man that he was, with the bitterness of his disappointment.

"Mother," he said, when she met him at the doorway, "it is all over! You were right."

"And all for the best, my son," she replied, as she kissed him, "though you cannot think so now."

And years after, when Philip Vane sat upon the lawn, with the true and tender woman who had become his wife, and the woman who had become the mother of the children that played beneath the rustling oak-boughs, looking back at those early days, he was forced to acknowledge that his mother's wisdom was far superior to his own.

Rose received him with a shy, sweet surprise that was irresistible; and the charm of her rare beauty, and her girlish vivacity soon banished his jealous doubts—and he was as much enthralled and enraptured as ever.

The foppish individual having vanished, Philip Vane had his charmer all to himself, and they wandered out into the autumn moonlight, and under the shadow of the elms. And Philip took the pearl and amethyst engagement-ring from the little casket, and put it upon her finger, entreating, as he did so, that the engagement should be very brief. Beautiful Rose listened, and examined the sparkling circle with a critical eye.

"Very well," she replied, after a moment, her voice cool and sly; "I have no objection to make. It will not require a great while to complete my arrangements, and mamma disapproves of long engagements."

Rose shrugged her white shoulders, and gave a little shivering sigh.

"How I do wish," she said, "that you would live in town, Philip, for the winter at least. It must be dreadfully stupid at Beechwood."

"Why, no, dear," cried the young man, in a moment of exultation, dealing Saul a fearful smite. "I'm tempted to put it out of your power to trouble us again."

Saul roared, snarled, and clasped both hands over his temples, blinded, benumbed.

At the same instant footsteps came dashing up to them from the direction of the plantation. Were they coming to his rescue? He had just enough left to lift his hand and snarl wildly around.

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"The girls are coming to see my engagement ring," she continued, after a momentary pause, twirling the little mirror over in the moonlight. "I told them it would be something magnificient—and it is; but I do wish you had chosen a diamond solitaire, it would have been more becoming."

"I have no objection to diamonds," he said, "but you have a diamond solitaire, and I am afraid it would not be quite so becoming."

"Well, we have better spirits than on the

morning when I last had you."

"I am afraid," he said, "you will be disappointed in the engagement ring. I have given you a diamond solitaire, and I am afraid it will not be quite so becoming."

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I'LL COME TO THEE, BELOVED.

BY ETHEL F.

I'll come to thee, beloved,
When silver stars look from the upper deep,
And twilight softly steals away from sight;
When the crowned blossoms drop and sink to sleep.
Rocked gently by the peaceful winds of night;
When darkness walks the upland, vale, and lea,
I'll come to thee, beloved;
I'll come to thee!

I'll come to thee, beloved,
And we will wander where the moonbeams grow,
In a land where life is bright and gay;
Where tuneful voices flitter to and fro,
Make music fitted for a fairy's dream;
Where love alone can watch o'er thee and me,
I'll come to thee, beloved;

I'll come to thee!

A MISTAKE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY AUNTY BROWN.

It was towards the close of a fine, clear day in the early part of December, 1868, that I seated myself in a comfortable armchair before my study fire, having just returned home after a visit of several days to some friends.

Every one who has traveled knows what a pleasant thing it is to find himself, at the close of a long and tedious journey, sole occupant of the very cosiest room in his own house, quite at liberty to stretch out his limbs in the most comfortable attitude he has yet discovered, and dose away an hour or two without giving offence to anybody.

This was my case, and when I add that I was a bachelor in my thirtieth year, devoted to the science of medicine, and having a good practice, and a considerable fortune, which were left to me by my father two years before, I think I have told all about my worldly circumstances that it is necessary for the reader to know, except that, during my late absence, I had left the sick and afflicted of Winterton to the tender mercies of John Balderson, Esq., M. D., an intimate friend of mine.

As John did not expect me home before the following day, I congratulated myself upon being free from interruption for that night at least, and so, as the reader has seen, prepared to take mine ease after mine own peculiar fashion.

"I declare," said I, as I applied a glowing coal to my cigar, and watched the first light, curling wreaths of smoke with the keenest enjoyment, "it is the happiest moment I have had for a week."

Then, as my thoughts recurred to the events thereof:

"What stupid things weddings are!" I muttered contemptuously; "especially in the depth of winter. First compelled to stand still for half an hour on a gravestone in a church like a damp cellar; then frozen stiff during the process of getting over seven miles of rough country with hired horses; and, to crown all, compelled to make a fool of myself at breakfast by proposing the health of the happy couple—happy couple, forsooth, when the bride was dissolved in tears, and seemed likely to faint! Well, Fred has made fuses enough after her, and he's got her at last; but I must say he has put himself to more trouble than I mean to do, if ever I take it into my head to enter the holy state."

Here I paused to knock the ashes from my cigar, and contemplate my own more enviable condition of single blessedness.

"I'm blest if there's a girl could tempt me out of it—unless it be my cousin, Kate Archer," I resumed; "but then Kate is a girl in a thousand—clever, sensible, and a good girl, too; such a wife as she would be might prove help and comfort to a man. Mischievous, though—confoundedly mischievous;" as I remembered how, on one occasion, she had sewn up all the fingers in my gloves, because I asked her to mend a small hole in one of them, in consequence of which I had been compelled to drive a distance of ten miles bare-handed in a cutting wind.

"I got the kiss back, though, which I had given her for her supposed kindness."

There is no saying to what my meditations might have tended from this point, if they had not been broken in upon by Margaret, my housekeeper, who brought some hot water and the whisky bottle.

"Has Mr. Balderson been here to-day?" I asked, when she had finished saying she was glad to see me at home again.

"Yes, sir; he came this morning, and sent James down to the village with some physic."

"Did he say how your nephew was?" I inquired.

"He's much better, thank you, Mr. Edward. I went down to see him yesterday. You'll be sorry to hear, sir, that Mary Gordon is dead."

"What?" I exclaimed; "she was doing well when I left."

"Ah, yes, sir; but she was taken worse that very night; and she died the day but one after, poor thing! They say her husband's nearly heart-broken about it."

"Poor fellow!" said I; "it's a sad case."

I was truly sorry; Mary Gordon had interested me a good deal. She was a pretty, but delicate girl, and they had not been married more than a year.

"It's the way of all flesh," I went on, pursuing my reflections when Margaret had left the room; "but it seems a pity that she should have been taken. How lonely that young fellow must feel just now! I am sure he loved her. He must be some years younger than I am; yet he has known what it is to find a wife and lose one."

Here Margaret again interrupted me by placing a note on the table, which she said Mr. Archer's man had left that morning. It was a little, three-cornered affair, folded after a fashion peculiar to young ladies; and at a glance I recognized the handwriting of my cousin Catherine. It ran thus:

"DEAR COUSIN:

"Mamma has asked a few friends to take tea with us this evening, and she will be glad if you can make it convenient to join them. In haste, very truly yours,

C. ARCHER."

Perhaps, from the tenor of my previous meditations, the reader will hardly understand why, after reading this little missive over once or twice, I should fold it up carefully, and place it in a certain private pocket in my vest, instead of tossing it amongst the heap of other papers on my table.

The truth was that, having many friends and few care, I felt at times as though it were of very little consequence whether I married or not; while, at others, the natural desire for female society and the comforts of home—such as a man cannot have without a wife—came over me with power almost sufficient to make me commit the rash act of matrimony without due deliberation. I knew that if I loved any one, it was Kate Archer; but then I was really so free from care without her, that I almost doubted whether my heart was so deeply touched as to make her nearer relationship necessary for my happiness.

I was conscious that there had always been a little tenderness in my conduct towards Kate; she had been my favorite

cousin ever since the time when I used to come home for the holidays and ramble with her through the fields, or sit by the winter fire and tell her the adventures of my school life.

And now Kate was a blooming girl, in her twenty-third year; and I was Edward Singleton, Esq., M. D., of the village of Winterton.

Had Kate seemed to consider my attentions in any more serious light than our closeness warranted, the chances are that I should have taken alarm, and suspended my visits altogether—at all events, for a while; but there was no symptom of any such thing. Supposing she loved me, she was not the girl to show it; and so we laughed, talked, flirted together, if you will, in perfect good faith and humor.

True, I sometimes veiled a deeper meaning beneath a passing word or careless manner; but these advances were always received and answered with such ready wit and unembarrassed grace, that whenever I puzzled myself with trying to find out what was Kate's real feeling for me, (and I did so puzzle myself sometimes,) I was sure to find it a hopeless task; and, to say the truth, I should have been afraid of proposing to her under our present circumstances; for in some of her moods she would have had no more mercy than had Beatrice of old.

This is a digression; but the reader must excuse it as being necessary to the right understanding of my state of mind when I read Catherine's note. Five minutes after reading it, I was on my way to Winterton, the residence of my uncle, situated about three miles from Winterton.

I cannot account for it, but on that particular night my thoughts would keep wandering on the subject of matrimony. There might not have been a more serious thing in life than the idea of having a wife at the head of one's table, and being addressed (in private, of course) as "My dear Edward."

Before I had got a mile on the road, my brain was teeming with fanciful pictures of domestic life and my cousin Catherine; and by the time I was in sight of my uncle's house, I felt so much like a culprit that I was more than half disposed to turn back again.

Overcoming this momentary weakness, however, I was presently admitted into the well-known drawing-room, a well-lighted, well-warmed apartment.

After the usual salutations had been gone through, the question rose to my lips, "Where's Catherine?" but, for reasons which I cannot explain, but which the reader will perhaps understand, I did not utter it, but contented myself with turning round every time the door was opened, until I had broken both sides of my collar, and satisfied myself that she was not in the house.

"Louisa," said I, at last, to my other cousin, a pretty girl of eighteen, who sat next me, "where's Catherine?"

"Oh, she went to Oaklands this morning, Mrs. Leicester asked her to spend the day there."

"What, in the name of fortune, makes the girl look so confused?" thought I. "The question was natural enough, surely."

The charm of the evening having been gone, however, I stepped into the library, where presently I was joined by my aunt, a fussy old lady, very talkative, very proud of her daughters, and invariably kind to everybody.

"I see that you and Louisa have had something to say about it already, Edward," said she. "We don't like it talked of at present; though, being a cousin, of course it makes a difference. But what do you think, now? Your uncle gave his consent at once, and I really think it will be a very suitable connection."

"My dear aunt," said I, "I only asked where Catherine was, and Louisa told me she had gone to spend the day at Oaklands. Is there anything more to tell?"

"Well, of course, I speak in confidence to you, Edward, and I think you will be glad to hear that Frederick Leicester has proposed to the dear child, and it seems there has been an attachment between them for some time. I shall be sorry enough to part with her, but you see, she will be settled very near to us, and he is the young man of all others, that we should most like for a son-in-law."

Catherine as a ghost.

Another trial awaited me on my arrival at home, in the shape of a note from Frederick Leicester, inviting me to be his "best man" at the wedding.

I felt very much more inclined to his best man in a duel. He said he should have mentioned it on the previous morning, but for my professional haste, and hoped that I should be able to devote the 9th of February to him; concluding with "your cousin wishes it as well as myself."

The evening brought me a note from Catherine, which ran thus:

"DEAR COUSIN:

"Frederick is here, and tells me that he has asked you to be present on the 9th. Of course, you will decline. Excuse my freedom in writing to you; but I think, if it is convenient, you had better leave Winterton for that day. It will be the best explanation of your absence, and prevent remarks. The confidence you placed in me this morning shall be religiously kept."

"Believe me very sincerely yours,

CATHERINE ARCHER."

"Burn this note as soon as you have read it."

This struck me as being a very strange thing. I was by no means sure that, even under such circumstances, it was exactly right for a young lady betrothed to write to me on such a subject, and in such a manner. However, I thought I had no cause to blame her; she had doubtless done it to spare me the mortification of seeing the wedding cortège pass my door, which it make if I should follow him. A new doctor would soon be found; what little place I had in the world would soon be filled, and I should not leave even a child to grieve for me.

I felt dreadfully bitter against all woman-kind especially, and, having thoroughly "rated" Margaret for letting the fire go out, and forbidden her to make another, though she wished to do so, I sat before the dead ashes until five o'clock next morning.

Here Margaret again interrupted me by placing a note on the table, which she said Mr. Archer's man had left that morning. It was a little, three-cornered affair, folded after a fashion peculiar to young ladies; and at a glance I recognized the handwriting of my cousin Catherine. It ran thus:

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would have been much more dignified in me if I had saluted them as usual, which I should doubtless have done, or tried to do, if I had had time for consideration beforehand; so I determined to call at Winterton on the following day, and explain that when they had met me, I was hastening to attend a very serious case, at which I was wanted immediately.

I would see her again before her marriage, if only to show her how very little that event affected me.

True to my resolution, by ten o'clock next morning I was at Winterton.

"Are the ladies at home?" I asked of the maid who opened the door.

"Yes, sir; master and missis are out, but the young ladies are both in."

So entered.

Catherine was alone in the library. At the first glance I fancied she looked a shade paler and quieter than usual.

"Well she may," thought I; "she is about to take a very serious step."

But it was herself that spoke:

"You were exceedingly rude yesterday, "Are the ladies at home?" I asked of the maid who opened the door.

"Yes, sir; master and missis are out, but the young ladies are both in."

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"Yes, sir; master and missis are out, but the young ladies are both in."

So entered.

Catherine was alone in the library. At the first glance I fancied she looked a shade paler and quieter than usual.

"Well she may," thought I; "she is about to take a very serious step."

But it was herself that spoke:

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THE BRIDAL OF THE ROSE.

I.

Fanned by delicious odors from the south,
Androwned with light, the lovely robed bride
A sunbeam came and kissed her ruddy mouth,
Shining over the bower whereon a breath of green
Muskily adorned her fair and faultless face;
The kindly sunbeam hailed her for his queen,
And bade her sit on the boughs of her grace.
All did his bidding, and the birds with stealth,
While round them sang the birds unceasingly;
All day the winds were blowing from the south,
And hills murmured underneath the tree;
No clouds obscured her lover from her view,
The sky above was one broad dome of blue.

II.

The butterfly, with gorged silken wings,
Came near the rose upon her bridal bower;
The music of a thousand mystic things—
Like wedding bells, upon the air was borne.
A white convolvulus had climbed the tree,
And clung its purple boughs beneath the bower;
A red rose bough the violet bower,
On opening buds that blomed on every side;
A veil of splendor o'er the rose was thrown,
The bower enshrouded; "The bridal bower hath come;"
A love that breathes no earthly name,
And leaves immortal love, made glad their home;
Her ruby leaves unclosed for him to see;
And heavenward lifted up her face to him.

TAKEN IN;

OR,

THE WIDOW BARLOW.

BY MARY DALLAS.

Peter Buskirk was very fond of money, not so fond that he quite starved himself to keep it, or hid it up chimney, or refused himself fire, or lights, or a pillow. But, yet, so very fond of it as to be on the very verge of miserhood without having quite fallen over.

Beggars repaid no harvest from his purse or kitchen; and match-makers could make no impression on his bachelor heart. The men wanted to rob him, the women to marry him. The last was the worst. Not that Peter hated women—on the contrary, even at fifty he was remarkably susceptible; a bright eye put him in a flutter. But the fact was, women, as wives or daughters, were expensive. They were proverbially extravagant. Should he marry one, she would spend his money while he lived, and squander it after he was dead. And, with this awful terror before him, Peter steered clear of the shoals of matrimony.

Two or three times indeed had he stood upon the verge of a tender passion. But each time some display of extravagance had frightened him back into his shell. Once it was an ostrich feather in a blue bonnet. Another time the sight of his fair one eating ices. The third, the sudden assumption of voluminous crinoline. In fact, since hoofs had become the rage, Peter had more utterly abjured matrimony than ever. What must a woman's dress cost so distended, Peter dared not think. He saw those belloved robes which so horrified him very frequently; not only in the street, but at sundry parties to which he was invited, and which he always made a point of attending, because they saved him a meal. There they spread before his eyes, and strengthened his resolution to live and die a bachelor.

There was one inconvenience in this bachelorhood, however. That was the house-keeping; for it involved a servant—some one to make beds, wash dishes, cook and iron. In short, the servant-of-all-work was always the bane of Peter's life,—eating and drinking in a manner which kept the master of the house in a continual ferment; wasting butter and fuel, and each change in the kitchen's encumbrance being followed by the mysterious disappearance of towels and napkins, and such small ware. In despair, he flew to a certain Mrs. Brown, the giver of parties innumerable, to ask advice.

He told his woes, his terrors, and his anxieties; the lady shook her head.

"Servants are sad plagues," she said.

"Eat you out of house and home," said Peter.

"Not to be relied on for honesty," said Mrs. Brown.

"Thieves, ma'am, thieves," said Peter.

"Ah," said Mrs. Brown, "a gentleman has no time to watch them. Now I should advise marrying, Mr. Buskirk."

"Marrying?"

"Yes, sir—a wife can manage such things so much better. Besides, if you choose a smart capable woman, she will keep an eye on the servant. It would be much more economical to marry."

"Economical!" yelled Peter, "my good lady. Eco—oh, goodness! Feathers and flowers, laces and silks and rings and—ice-cream and things—economical. How many yards do you take for a dress, ma'am?"

"Well, sir, twelve or fifteen—sometimes when it's a silk, you know, eighteen."

"Eighteen yards, at three dollars or so a yard, and not one dress, but twenty. My good lady, it would be enough to ruin a man."

Mrs. Brown reflected.

"But if you could find an economical woman, Mr. Buskirk."

"Ah! if I could find a mermaid."

"One who never wasted a cent."

"She does not exist, ma'am."

"Who lives next to nothing. The fact is, Mr. Buskirk, I have such a lady in my eye. She's a widow—quite a young one—Mrs. Barlow, and I'll have her at my house next week."

Peter Buskirk grinned sarcastically.

"Economy in hoopands bonnets," he said to himself. "They want to marry me and spend my money."

And he went home wroth.

However, economy forbade him to refuse an invitation to dinner; and when, a week after, Mrs. Brown sent "her compliments," etc., etc., Mr. Buskirk donned his Sunday suit and went over to 10 precisely. The parlor was full of ladies; ladies in silks and muslins, with crinoline and flounces. Most of them Mr. Buskirk knew well, and looked about in vain for a stranger. Mrs. Brown's note had said:

"Mrs. Barlow will be with us."

But which was that economical widow? Probably the lady in green silk near the piano. He could not remember her face.

Suddenly Mr. Buskirk's doubts were set at rest. Mrs. Brown ejaculated, "Dear me, where is cousin Betsy? Mr. Buskirk, you must be introduced to Mrs. Barlow," and at these words something small and flat emerged from between two portly dames, and stood before him. It was a very short and slender little woman, with a remarkably pretty face. She wore no hoops, and her dress cleared her ankles. The sleeves were close, and the skirt had perhaps three breadth in it. The dress itself was of very plain brown merino, and she wore neither brooch nor bow, only a white linen collar. Peter looked approval. Several of the ladies exchanged glances, and a faint giggle was heard; and, as though by common consent, the two were left tête-à-tête in a corner.

"Pleasant day," said Peter to commence the conversation. "Pleasant day, but cold."

"Ah, yes; but I dislike cold weather," said the lady.

"Don't agree with you, ma'am?"

"Oh, that's not it. I am never ill; but cold weather is so expensive. Lights early,

and coal's dear," proceeded the lady. "Money slips through one's fingers; and I never waste things."

"My case exactly," said Buskirk. "It's astonishing how things cost. Now, there is butter—say a pound every two weeks."

"Oh, I never eat butter—it costs too much," said the lady.

"Ah! and sugar and tea and coffee."

"If you indulge in such luxuries, what can you expect?" said Mrs. Barlow.

"They are artificial wants altogether, so they are," said Mr. Buskirk. "But then, habit is second nature."

"Extravagant habits ruin many," said Mrs. Barlow. "Oh! I shudder when I look at those bouffons. Such a waste of material."

"I've often thought so," said Peter. "And you don't wear them?"

"I," said Mrs. Barlow. "I have my sences, sir. I've had this dress ten years."

"Indeed?" said Peter. "And I suppose some ladies buy one every ten months."

"Every ten days," said Mrs. Barlow.

"Oh, I blush for my sex, Mr. Buskirk, I do, indeed!"

Peter was charmed. He began to think Mrs. Brown right. The cost of such a wife would be a mere trifle, and what an eye she would keep to the expenses of a household. Besides, she was pretty and young—price if ever there was one.

Ergo the evening was over he had decided that it would be cheaper to marry than to remain single, were Mrs. Barlow his helpmate.

So, after due consideration, Peter resolved to court the economical widow, and that lady being conveniently domiciled at Mrs. Brown's he found every opportunity.

It was a very inexpensive courtship. He gave her not a present. She expected none. He took her nowhere save to church, where neither of them ever saw the plate, and both were happy.

At last he proposed. She blushed and hesitated, and begged time to consider. At last she said:—"I am afraid to say to you, Mr. Buskirk, I like you; but you are so terribly extravagant. You drink tea and coffee, and eat butter, and really I should fear coming to want, I should, indeed!"

"H! Why, I'm the most economical soul living," said Peter.

"Extravagant people always think that," said the lady. "No, I'm afraid to say yes, unless, indeed, you were to make your property over to me, so that I could be sure you would not ruin yourself. Of course that is impossible, and it would be such a care that really I could scarcely desire it, even for a gentleman I so much respect."

And the economical relict blushed and hesitated.

It was Peter's turn to pause and consider. "My money would be safer in your hands than mine," he said. "Marry me, and keep me from being ruined!"

What the widow's answer was may be judged from the fact that three weeks from that day they were united, the bride wearing her brown merino, in the pocket of which she carefully deposited the deeds which made the property exclusively her own.

"Now for happiness," said Peter. "No more thieving servants—no more waste—and a lovely wife into the bargain. He, he, he! Peter Buskirk is the man for luck."

And he took his wife home to dine on cold meat and radishes, being absolutely ashamed even to speak of his accustomed mutton chop before so economical a lady.

The next morning he hurried off to business.

"Never waste time, love," said the newly-married dame. "Besides, I've a great deal to attend to; so—good-bye."

"Good-bye," responded Peter. "What a treasure you are, my dear. The washing, I suppose? My mother always washed on Monday."

It was Peter's turn to pause and consider.

"My money would be safer in your hands than mine," he said. "Marry me, and keep me from being ruined!"

At six he returned. Horror of horrors! there were ladders against his house, and men upon them. Had there been a fire? He rushed up breathless.

"What is the matter? Who are these men?" he panted. "Fire! thieves! Oh! I must be dreaming."

"Don't make a noise, love," said a voice from the parlor window. "They're only the house-painters!"

"House—painters?"

"Because you have no clue. I have no place, where to put my hand on Terese Selvoni when I choose to stretch it out. You must help me."

"Not I; find her for yourself. I warned the silly young fool she lured to his death as solemnly as I could, for his father's sake. When he went his own way, I washed my hands of the whole wretched business; and when I heard that he had paid with his life for his folly I was not surprised. If I were to advise you, I should say let her go. You will rue the day you ever see her again."

"I have seen her, and I have rued it," said the man, gloomily; and Ernest Dorner made a step forward to speak to him.

Peter staggered on.

A woman was making up a carpet in the front parlor—another woman, also at work. Again he gasped the question, "Who are you?"

"Mrs. Buskirk's regular seamstress, please, sir. And where is Mrs. Buskirk?"

"Here, love," said a voice.

And there entered, from an adjoining room, a lady dressed in silk, and in expansive crinoline with bracelets, brooch, ear-rings, and a little lace cap worth a small fortune.

The furniture is ordered, and the paints are here, and I've engaged all the servants, Mr. Buskirk," said the lady; "and I cook wants to know whether you like beef under or well done. In such things you shall have your choice always. There was no time to make a pudding to-day, so we must have ices. Strawberries, too, are only fifty cents a basket."

"Mrs. Buskirk, have you gone crazy?" said Peter.

"But which was that economical widow? Probably the lady in green silk near the piano. He could not remember her face.

Suddenly Mr. Buskirk's doubts were set at rest. Mrs. Brown ejaculated, "Dear me, where is cousin Betsy? Mr. Buskirk, you must be introduced to Mrs. Barlow," and at these words something small and flat emerged from between two portly dames, and stood before him. It was a very short and slender little woman, with a remarkably pretty face. She wore no hoops, and her dress cleared her ankles. The sleeves were close, and the skirt had perhaps three breadth in it. The dress itself was of very plain brown merino, and she wore neither brooch nor bow, only a white linen collar. Peter looked approval. Several of the ladies exchanged glances, and a faint giggle was heard; and, as though by common consent, the two were left tête-à-tête in a corner.

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"Don't agree with you, ma'am?"

"Oh, that's not it. I am never ill; but cold weather is so expensive. Lights early,

Jasper Onslow's Wife.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,
AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

(This serial was commenced in No. 27. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.)

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A CLUE.

Ernest Dorner saw the man who had uttered Teresa Selvoni's name walk away from the throng and skirt the edge of the crowd at the railings, staring about him and muttering in a wild, dreamy way to himself.

He did not look particularly mad—only a little eccentric; but Ernest felt sure he was a lunatic and watched him intently.

"How odd that name of all others should be upon his lips," he thought to himself. "If I had not positive proof of the man I once went hunting for being dead, I should have thought—Bah! I am a fool! In my eagerness to penetrate the secret of this Teresa, I fancy all sorts of things. The thief doth fear each bush an officer; Shakespeare says, and I make every molehill of suspicion into a mountain of fact. He may be only some one who has seen that advertisement."

He was more surprised than ever when he saw the strange man walk up to Anthony Collier and touch him on the shoulder.

He was close enough now to hear what he said, and to see the wild start of astonishment the old man gave.

"You," he exclaimed, "here?"

"I might exclaim as much as you," the other replied; "but I got over my surprise at the sight of you weeks ago. I've seen you a score of times, and knew you in a moment. What are you doing in London?"

"Looking for my brother."

"Never knew you had one."

"I dare say not; I did not proclaim the fact to all the world. I have or had one, if I am alive, of which I have my doubts, and I want to find him. What brings you here?"

"A name was on his lips, but the other stopped him.

"No name," he said. "I have been told that name does not belong to me. I have been shut up in a madhouse, and told that I was somebody else. I have been beaten, starved, chained for using the name I inherited from my father; so don't speak it, lest the birds of the air carry it to her, and they catch me again."

"Are you sure that you are not a little mad now?" Anthony Collier said, grimly.

"I came to seek her."

"Terese?"

"The deuce you did. I should have thought you had enough of her. I'm not a little mad."

"I heard him called by another name just now," Ernest Dorner said; "but it was only an escaped lunatic, so perhaps that's nothing."

"Another name?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"John Harpington. You are awfully pale, Doris. Are you ill?"

"I am a little cold, I think," she said, with a shiver. "What is it the old woman says when you get a chill? There's some one walking over your grave." Some one must be dancing on mine, I think. I feel sick with cold. So that Mr. Collier, is it? I hope Mr. Onslow enjoys being worried by him. He looks like a determined old fellow."

"He won't worry any one for a little while. He is off to France to seek his brother. He has found some clue, I think."

"Has he?" asked Doris, rather abs

AT EVENTIDE.

BY F. P. A.

All complete, when winds grow gray,
And shadows are on the sky,
And roofs are dark and cold—
With clouds of red and gold—
When over the mountains morn and
The cloudy shadows lie,

We are at home, or in other words,
And days long since gone by.

And when the crimson ring softly out
From powder edges like the sun—
And flowers like the stars mark the spot
Where blossoms the garden bower—
When with home on the ruined bower,
And hills still by,

And sounds of life—light are shed
Across the quieting day—

When sleep has hushed the restless world,
And through the soft, sweet night
Purifies spirits, wings and ear—
To the softness of light—

Then Memory, watchful to her trust,

Wakes with a yearning cry,

For all that made life seem so sweet
In the days long since gone by!

UNTO DEATH.

BY LAWRENCE GRAY.

CHAPTER I.

"Unless you can tell, when left by one,
That all men die with him."

"And you are seen, dearest Kate, that
you will not grow weary during the long
years that must go by, before I can claim
this dear hand that now rests so lovingly in
mine?" said Edward Melville to his wife.

"Do not expect too much of me, Edward.
I am afraid I cannot promise to be
patient while the years are stealing all my
youth, and all the freshness of my feelings."

"Perhaps, then, you will repeat a pledge
which must be so tardily redeemed."

"You know me too well to believe what
you say, dear Edward; but I would like to
see you content with your present prospect
of success, and even at the risk of seeming
ungracious in my wishes, I must tell you,
that a mere competency with you, would be
all that I should ask to insure my happiness.
Wealth will be dearly purchased by
all the anxiety of a long absence. Yet
since you think it essential to your happiness,
I do not oppose your wishes. Go, and
remember, that whether your efforts are
crowned with success, or your hopes crushed
by misfortune, this hand is yours whenever
you claim my pledge."

"My own darling," he cried, as he ten-
derly embraced her, "I will struggle hard
to repay all your dear love for me. Your
promise will be my only solace in my ex-
ile, and the future will some day ample re-
pay us for all the sorrow we feel for these
few years of absence."

Catharine Dinsmore was the child of
one of those gifted but unfortunate persons,
who were born to ill-luck. Her father's
whole life had been a series of mistakes.
He had left college in a fit of pique, just as
he was fully prepared to receive those high
honors which might have been of great ser-
vice to him in his after life. He abandoned
a profession in which a little perseverance
would have made him eminently successful,
and in the very lowest ebb of his fortunes
he married a proud and penniless daughter
of a decayed family, who brought him a
dowry of poor relations; and finally he
wasted his really fine talents, which, if pro-
perly exerted, would have brought him at
least the comforts of life, upon schemes and
projects which were as idle as Almack's dream.

The only thing which ever had
the power to draw his thoughts from his
unreal fancie, was his love for his beautiful
daughter. He had instructed her in all
that forms the true foundation of learning;
and no expense had been spared in the ac-
quisition of those accomplishments which
add so great a charm to a lady's society.
Catharine was a gift as well as a graceful
woman; a creature worthy to be loved and
cherished by some noble heart. Her life
had never been a very happy one, for from
her earliest childhood, her mother's way-
ward indecision, and her father's total want
of worldly wisdom, had produced a want of
system in their household, the discomforts
of which Catharine felt long before she was
capable of understanding or remedying the
evil. Leading a very secluded life, she had
no opportunities whatever for indulging in
any of the gaieties so natural to her age.
Conscious of the beauty which her own innate
perception of lovely things enabled her
to see in her own sweet face, and perhaps
displaying a trace of girlish vanity in the
precision with which her dress was always
adapted to the proportions of her fine and
elegant figure, she was yet untaught by any
personal vanity, she adorned herself even
as she improved her mind, rather for the
gratification of her own elegant taste, than
with the view to attract the admiration of
others. Among the various pursuits that
Mr. Dinsmore's talents led him to adopt, as
a means of subsistence, and that in which
he was most successful, was the instruction
of youth. The number of his pupils was
limited to a few youths of matured and
developed minds, who sought him to acquire
skill in the higher branches of study.

Among those, Edward Melville had
ever been the most distinguished as a favorite of
the singular old man, and a degree of intimacy,
amounting almost to domestication in
the family, had arisen between them.
Gifted with talents but little above medi-
ocrity, he possessed a firmness of character,
and strength of will, that enabled him to
overcome difficulties for which a far more
vigorous intellect would have felt itself unequal.
For him to determine, was always to
succeed. Kind, considerate and affectionate,
he won the regard of all those who
were associated with him, while at the same
time he controlled them, with his superior
strength of will. Perhaps it was this very
quality in the character of Edward which
first excited the regard of Catharine. The
vacillating temper of her father had made
Catharine doubly sensitive to the spell
which a certain kind of mental force in
man ever casts over the more timid heart of
woman. Edward had been early attracted
by her girlish beauty, and the love which
then sprung up in his heart strengthened
with his years. Catharine soon learned to
love him with a depth and fervor which
was only equalled by the constancy of her
attachment.

But Edward Melville was an ambitious
man, and his love, while it was strong to
death in his heart, only served to refine and
elevate what before had been a more selfish
feeling. He had early resolved to win a
fortune, and at the time when most boys are
thinking of their sports, he was preparing
himself for his future career. As he grew
older, he decided to break through the
bounds which early habit and association
imposed upon every one, and to seek a tempo-
rary residence in a land of strangers, and
there to accumulate a fortune.

In vain Catharine besought him to moder-
ate his views. He was now ambitious for
her sake as well as for his own, and the fair
picture of the future joy, which his
fancy sketched required a golden frame to
give them finish to his eyes.

A clerkship in an extensive mercantile
house, resident in Calcutta, opened an avenue
to the wealth he sought, and conquering
his deep regrets at parting with Kate, he accepted
a situation which would banish him
for years from his native land. He went
forth sadly but hopefully to gather golden
fruit in the mystic groves of Ind, while
Catharine remained to think for her way-
ward father, to act for her indolent mother,
and perhaps to feel too deeply for her own
loneliness of heart.

CHAPTER II.

"There are violets on the graves of the departed,
But the passion-flower is dead for evermore."

The first two years after her lover's de-
parture witnessed little change in the con-
dition of Catharine. The daily routine of
cares imposed upon her filled up her time, and
Hope was ever singing its quiet song
beside her. But at last the grim fiend of
poverty entered their dwelling, and sat
down at their scanty fireside. Mr. Dins-
more's pupils dropped off, one by one; his
schemes of utility and his inventions failed,
and the old man began to feel the pressure
of positive want. The desire of fame lost
its inspiring power, and in the utter
wreck of his fortune, he sought excitement
in the cup that is drugged with death. His
wife, who had never been other than a
weak, fretful creature, now became still
more helpless from disease, and Catharine
found herself left to struggle beneath a
double weight of anxiety. Chained to
her mother's couch of sickness, she was
unable to offer any aid in procuring their daily
subsistence. She was compelled to exchange
the few superfluities which had
left, for the comforts necessary to age and
illness. But when her father's fine library
was invaded by their necessities; when she
witnessed with bitter regret his chil-
dlike abandonment to grief, as shelf
after shelf became void of those "dear fa-
miliar faces" which in all his troubles had
ever looked kindly upon him, she felt that
the lesser evils of life may be harder to be
borne than its heaviest misfortunes.

It was not till after her mother's death
that Catharine felt herself at liberty to carry
out the scheme that she had long been maturing
in her own mind. Her plan was
formed with prudence, and she carried it
out with energy surprising even to herself.
She visited persons to whom her father was
indebted, and offered to satisfy their claims
by the instruction of their children. She
found warm and efficient friends, and Catharine
soon found herself installed in a little
school-room, surrounded by some twenty
children, who awaited her daily attention.
Though perfectly frank in her communications
with Edward, Kate had alluded but
slightly to the subject of their privations.
Motives of delicacy, and a fear lest he might
lose his own fortune by coming to their aid,
prevented her from letting him know much
of their real condition.

So five years passed away, and yet Ed-
ward spoke not of his return. He had
been successful beyond his hopes, but his
wishes grew with his gains, and another
year was deemed necessary to perfect his
schemes. Catharine submitted patiently
but sadly to her new disappointment. Her
spirits were fast sinking under the weight of
a life of unshaded drudgery and toil.
There was no one near to cheer her with a
kind word of affectionate interest. The dis-
comforts of a close and noisy school-room
served to numb her brain, and in the pale,
silent woman, who walked with such feeble
steps the path which led to her daily labors,
could be seen little trace of the bright, ar-
dent-faced young creature, whose every
gesture was wont to express her impulsive
character.

Let none of these would-be moralists,
who, seated in luxurious ease at their
cheerful firesides, pretend to measure the
temptations and weigh the resisting virtues
of their brethren—let none such pretend
that poverty is not an evil. Disguise it as
you will, it is ever an evil shape, and
whether it cowers beside the dying ember
on the pauper's hearth, or hides its gaunt
limbs beneath the furrowed folds of the
violet of fashion, still it is ever a fearful thing.
Yet, if poverty be an evil, surely riches are
a snare. When did man ever say to his
avarice, "Peace, thou art filled"? When
did the still, small voice of love and tend-
erness ever reach the ear of him who was deliv-
ering the deep mine for gold?

Year after year rolled on, and found Edward
Melville still wearing the chains of
avarice in a foreign land, and the cares
which had imprinted deep wrinkles on his
brow, had destroyed many a fresh feeling in
his heart. Edward would have spurned
the idea of being covetous. He fancied
that the motives which actuated him, en-
nobled the pursuit of wealth. The sophistry
of the passion is ever skillful in silencing
the voice of the truthful monitor within
man's heart, and suppressing that yearning
tenderness which urged him to return to
her who so patiently awaited him, he toiled
on for a future which might never come.
Edward led a life of toil, but not of sorrow,
during his self-imposed exile.

The excitement of commerce, the pleasure of success,
and the enjoyments of a mode of life that
enabled him to satisfy with oriental luxury
the tastes that a refined education had engendered,
all gave a charm to existence. How little did he
imagine how consuming the strength of
her for whom he toiled. How little did he
suspect that she could have borne every
misfortune in life, if she had been aided
by the presence of affection, was slowly wasting
away beneath the burden of a lonely heart.
Yet a tone of dependency in her later letters,
and a slight hint at her failing health,
aroused the tenderness of her absent lover,
and Edward at length decided to delay no
longer his return.

It was very difficult for the successful
merchant to stop the tide of fortune as it
rolled its treasures at his feet, but when his
better nature had once been aroused, he was
not to be turned from his purpose by motives
of interest, and hurrying through the
necessary arrangements, Edward Melville
bade farewell forever to the land where ten
of the best years of his life had been passed.

It was the dull gray of morning when Edward
landed once more on the shores of his
native country, and impatient of all delay,
he hurried onward to that part of the city
where he expected to find Catharine. He
had informed her of his embarkation, and
she fancied that she would, even at that
earliest hour, be awaiting him, since she
must have doubtless heard of the arrival
of the ship. But when he reached her abode,
and beheld it closed, as if all the inmates
were buried in slumber, he was ashamed of
his eagerness, and turning from the door, he
paced the empty street until such a time as
he could reasonably hope to be admitted.

With a fever of impatience, that he could
scarcely control, he paced the neighboring
streets until gradually the din of noisy life
arose around him. As he approached once
more the spot where all his hopes now
centered, he caught sight of a slipshod
house-maid, who had just unclosed the
barred portal of Catharine's abode. Hur-

rying forward, he addressed a brief question
to the girl. The answer was as brief as it
was terrible. With a terrible cry such
as none but a strong man, in the very death-
throe of his hopes could utter, he sprang
forward, and passing the frightened woman
with the rapidity of lightning, bounded up
the narrow staircase. A closed door impeded
his frantic progress, and flinging it
wildly open, he stood suddenly, as if aw-
struck, within the apartment. The room
wore a desolate and dreary appearance, a
ray of sunshine darting through a crack in
the unopened shutter, almost extinguished
the sickly glimmer of the night-taper which
burned dimly on the littered table. One
step brought Edward to the side of the un-
curtained couch, on which lay a rigid and
sheeted figure. With wild haste he flung
aside the covering that concealed the ghastly
face of the dead. Surely those pinched and
yellow features were utterly unknown to
him—it could not be his Catharine that he
looked upon. His own heart answered the
true hope, and with a groan which seemed
to rive his very soul, he fell senseless beside
the cold remains of her who had loved
him so constantly, so vainly. He had come
one day too late.

Sorrow does not always kill, and Edward
lived in loneliness of heart, until he had
bowed his stately form and whitened his
temples with the blossoms of the grave.
But life had lost its charms for him.

He was surrounded by all the appliances
of wealth, but he found no sympathy or
companionship in the world, and a deep
and abiding sense of self-reproach was his
perpetual torment. Willingly now would
he have given all his hard-earned fortune
if he could have brought the breath of life to
those pale lips and the light of day to
those dim eyes of her who had worn out her
life in sighing; yet it was his torture to be
compelled to feel that he had been content
with half his present wealth. Catharine
might now be the sharer of his heart and
home. What care! he not for the gold
and gems upon the trim of the chalice, since
the drift had mingled wormwood with the
drift it held? He had learned the bitter
lesson which experience teaches, and found,
when too late, that he who, in obedience to
the dictates of a false world, silences the
inner voice of his nature, but garners up
for his future years a harvest of disappoint-
ment and remorse.

EAST LYNN:

OR

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

[This Serial was commenced in No. 31. Back num-
bers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout
the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XLIV.

TERROR OF DISCOVERY.

To the burial of William Carlyle came
Lord Mount Severn and his son, Wilson.
Wilson had been right in her surmises as to the
resting-place. The Carlyle vault was opened
for him; and an order went forth to the
sculptor for an inscription to be added to
their marble tablet, in the church: "William
Vane Carlyle, eldest son of Archibald
Carlyle, of East Lynne." Amongst those
who attended the funeral as mourners, went
one more notable in the eyes of gazers than
the rest—Richard Hare the younger.

Richard was ill. Ill in mind, and
ominously ill in body. She kept her room,
and Joyce attended on her. The house-hold
set down madame's illness to the fatigue of
having attended upon Master William; it
was not thought of seriously by any one,
especially as she declined to see a doctor.

All her thoughts now were directed to the get-
ting away from East Lynne, for it would
not do to remain there to die; and she knew
that death was on his way to her, and that
no human power or skill—not all the
faculty combined—could turn him back again.

She stopped herself just in time. "I
knew it from me," had been the destined
conclusion. In her alarm, she went off
voluntarily, something to the effect that "it
was no wonder she was ill—illness was
natural to her family."

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ominously ill in body. She kept her room,
and Joyce attended on her. The house-hold
set down madame's illness to the fatigue of
having attended upon Master William; it
was not thought of seriously by any one,
especially as she declined to see a doctor.

"Certainly not, so long as you will not
consult one."

"Indeed, sir, doctors could not cure me,
nor as I believe, prolong my life."

Mr. Carlyle paused.

"Are you believing yourself to be in
danger?"

"Not in immediate danger, sir; only in
so far as that I know I shall not live."

"And yet you will not see a doctor—
Madame Vine, you must be aware that
I could not permit such a thing to go on in
my house. Dangerous illness and no ad-
vice."

She could not say to him, "My malady is
on the mind; it is a breaking heart, and
therefore no doctor of physic could serve me."

"That would never do. She had said
with her hand across her face, between her
spectacles and wrapped-up chin. Had Mr. Carlyle
possessed the eyes of Argus, he could
not have failed to see a doctor of physic."

"A doctor could do me no good," she
answered.

"Certainly not, so long as you will not
consult one."

"Indeed, sir, doctors could not cure me,
nor as I believe, prolong my life."

Mr. Carlyle paused.

"I'll discard the aprons altogether," cried
he, in a fever. "I'll get a second shopman,
and buy a little gig, and do nothing but
drive you out. I'll do anything if you will
have me still, Miss Afy. I have bought
the ring, you know."

"Your intentions are very kind," was
the distant answer. "But it's all made up.
So far as my mind is fully made up. So
far as my heart is fully made up. So far as
my body is fully made up."

"I'll shake hands with you, Mr. Wainwright."

"I'll shake

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

made of herself! I wonder she is not ashamed to go through the streets in such a guise! Indeed, I wonder she shows herself at all."

"Richard, you—you—will not be drawn in again?" were the next whispered words.

"Mother!" There was a sternness in his mild blue eyes as he cast them upon his mother. Those beautiful eyes—the very counterpart of Barbara's both his and hers had been sufficient refutation without words.

"Mother mine, I am going to belong to you in future, and to nobody else. West Lynne is already busy for me, I understand, pitiably carving out my destiny. One marvels whether I shall lose myself again with Miss Alys; another, that I shall act on, off-hand, and court灾害. They are all wrong; my place will be with my darling mother—at least, for several years to come."

She clasped his hand to her bosom in her glad delight.

"We want happiness together, mother, to enable us to forget the past; for, upon none did the blow fall as upon you and upon me. And happiness we shall find, in this our own home, living for each other, and striving to amuse my poor father."

"Ay, ay," complacently put in Justice Hare.

So it would be. Richard had returned to his home, had become, to all intents and purposes, its master; for the justice would never be in a state to hold sway again. He had resumed his position; had regained the favor of West Lynne, which, always in extremes, was now wanting to kill him with kindness. A happy, happy home from henceforth; and Mrs. Hare lifted up her full heart in thankfulness to God. Perhaps Richard's went up also.

One word, touching that wretched prisoner in the condemned cell at Lynnhorough. As you may have anticipated, the extreme sentence was not carried out. And—little favorite as Sir Francis is with you and me—we can but admit that justice did not demand that it should be. That he had wilfully killed Hallijohn, was certain; but the act was committed in a moment of wild rage; it had not been premeditated.

The sentence was commuted to transportation. A far more disgraceful one in the estimation of Sir Francis; a far more unwelcome one in the eyes of his wife. It is no use to mince the truth. One little grain of comfort had penetrated to Lady Leveson; the anticipation of the time when she and her ill-fated child should be alone, and could bide themselves in some hidden nook of the wild world; he, and his crime and his end, gone; forgotten. But it seems he was not to go and be forgotten; she and the boy must be tied to him still; and she was lost in horror and rebellion.

He envied the dead Hallijohn, did that man, as he looked forth on the future. A cheering prospect truly! The gay Sir Francis Leveson, working in chains with his gang! Where were his diamonds and his pernicious handkerchiefs and his white hands be then? After a time he might get a ticket-of-leave. He groaned in agony as the turnkey suggested it to him. A ticket-of-leave for him? Oh, why did they not hang him? He waited forth as he closed his eyes to the dim light. The light of the cell, you understand; he could not close them to the light of the future. No; never again; it shone out all too plainly; dazzling his brain as with a flame of living fire.

(To be continued in our next.)

CARDS.

We have very curious accounts handed down to us of the invention of cards, as the contrivance of a painter in 1390, for the purpose of diverting Charles the Sixth, of France, who had fallen into a deep melancholy. Some say the four suits were designed to represent the four principal classes of society—Cours, or hearts, were used for the emblem of choir-men, or ecclesiastics; but the Spaniards have espadas, or chalices, instead of hearts, though in allusion to the same character. The nobility, or prime military part of the kingdom, are represented by what the French call piques, the points of lances or pikes; to which, from our ignorance of the meaning or resemblance, we gave the name of spades, from the Spanish word espadas, swords, which the Spaniards have painted on their cards, instead of pikes. Courteous, diamonds, square stones, or tiles, appear to have been a hard-strained representation of citizens, merchants, or tradesmen; but the peasantry, or class of people engaged in the pursuits of agriculture, had a much more appropriate type in what the French called trèfles, trefoils, or clover-grass, instead of which the Spaniards used bascos, staves, or clubs, in the corresponding suit of their cards, and thus annexed the Spanish signification to the French figure.

Others will have it that the four suits are all military emblems; that hearts imply courage to defend our country; that the arms then in use were pīquas, lances, and heavy arrows to be shot from crossbows, and shaped like courtes, the diamonds like cards, and lastly, that trèfles, trefoil, served to remind a general that he should never encamp without good opportunities for forage.

In the same spirit of allusion to war, we are told that the ace is, in fact, the Latin word *a*, signifying literally a piece of money but, in a general sense, wealth; and that aces, accordingly, have precedence before kings and all other cards. For as riches are the sinews of war, the most powerful monarchs submit to their control, and the question of peace or war must, in a great measure, depend on the finances and resources of the country.

The four kings were intended as portraits of David, Alexander, Caesar, and Charlemagne, to represent the four monarchies of the Jews, Greeks, Romans, and Franks. Each of the kings had his faithful esoper, or armor-bearer, called in the middle ages valet, or knave, a title then honorable, though now used as a term of servility or contempt.

The four queens under the names of Argine, Esther, Judith, and Pallas, were designed to represent birth, piety, fortitude, and wisdom. But a modern French writer, as if hurt at the idea that, in a nation famed for gallantry, love, and beauty, should be left out of the emblems, gives us the following ingenious explanation of the four queens. Argine, the queen of clubs, is, he says, an anagram, or transposition of the letters of the Latin word regina, and was a representation of Mary of Anjou, wife of Charles the Seventh. The queen of diamonds, under the name of Rachel, was meant for the beautiful but frail Agnes Sorrel, and the queen of spades, under the soubriquet of the chaste and warlike Minerva, was the heroic Maid of Orleans, while Judith, the queen of hearts, was designed as a picture of the enchanting Isabeau de Baviere.

CASUAL thoughts are sometimes of great value. One of them may prove the key to open for us a yet unknown apartment in the palace of truth, or a yet unexplored tract in the paradise of sentiment that environed it.



THE WEST INDIAN PIRATES.

BY OLIVER A. H. B.

Some years ago, the West Indian seas were infested by pirates, of savage atrocious and desperate valour. They were composed of men of all nations—runaway sailors from English, Danish, French, and Dutch vessels—though, probably, the larger portion of them were men of Spanish race, natives of Cuba or one of the old Spanish settlements of the Southern States of America.

I had taken a passage on board the merchant ship Mary, at Belize, and we were on our way to New York, when the following incident befell me:

I had seen the captain standing on the after-deck, and, from time to time, eagerly surveying with his glass some object in our wake. I walked up to him on one of those occasions, and inquired what he was trying to make out.

"There is a strange vessel in sight," he answered; "but I can't quite make her out."

"She may be one of those Bristol traders that were nearly ready to sail when we left port," I observed.

"No; she doesn't look like one of that sort. She seems of some bastard rig; but we may make her out by-and-by."

"You do not think we are pursued?" I asked, feeling alarmed, as landmen are usually disposed to be at sea, when they encounter something that looks mysterious.

"Really, I cannot tell," was his answer; "but I suppose it will be time enough to try out when we're likely to be hurt."

And so saying, he strode forward with his glass.

Night fell; but the air was so hot and stifling below that I found sleep next to impossible. If I slept for a moment, I was haunted by dreams of pirates, sharks, and shipwrecks; so I hurried on my clothes, and again sought the deck.

The moon was half-way up the heavens, and not a cloud was in sight; countless stars of wondrous beauty and brilliancy gemmed the sky, and the ocean was flooded with their light. A long line of quivering rays lay flashing on the bosom of the sea, like a vein of quicksilver, right under the moon's eye. All was quiet, peaceful, and beautiful; it was a magnificent night, such as is only to be seen within the tropics, and not often even there.

The winds were almost laid. The gentlest possible breeze filled the sails, just enough to set them to sleep, though not to prevent them giving an idle flap now and then, when the vessel rolled a little heavier than usual on the long swell.

Nothing stirred about the deck. The watch had disappeared forward; but I found the captain still on the alert, and again surveying the remote object he had before observed, through his night glass. I did not interrupt him again by my questioning; I paced the deck in the delicious night air; but my attention was shortly attracted by the sound of the boatswain's shrill whistle calling the watch.

Orders were given by the captain, and every stitch of sail was crowded on the ship. Each mast bore its full load. As I stood aghast, and looked up, the sails seemed, in the moonlight, like towers of snow set against the dark-blue sky.

In a few minutes all was still again; the vessel seemed to make better way through the water, from the increasing ripple of the wavelets heard against her sides. Drowsiness gradually stole upon me, and I went below again to court my pillow.

I was startled from my slumbers towards morning, by the sound of alarmed voices, and of hurried tramping on deck. I threw on my clothes, and hastened up the companion ladder.

On my way up I met black Sambo, the cook. Though nature had put it out of his power to look pale, the poor fellow looked the picture of terror. The pallor of fright seemed positively struggling through his skin, and his eyes had that expression of alarm which terrifies more than even the pallid cheek or the quivering lip.

"For Heaven's sake," I asked, "what is the matter?"

"Sharks, Sa!" he replied, in an intense whisper seemingly afraid to speak above his breath.

"Is that all?"

"All!" he instantly said. "Pirates, Sa!"

"Where?" I asked, my heart suddenly bounding against my ribs.

"There's nothing like them stowed with onions."

BREAKING THE NEWS GENTLY.—"When the lamented Judge Bagley tripped and fell down the court-house stairs, and broke his neck," says Mark Twain in the *Galaxy*, "it was a great question how to break the news to poor Mrs. Bagley. But finally the body was put into Higgins' wagon, and he was instructed to take it to Mrs. B., but to be very guarded and discreet in his language, and not to break the news to her at once, but do it gradually and gently. When Higgins got there with his sad freight, he shouted till Mrs. Bagley came to the door; then he said, 'Does the widow Bagley live here?' 'The widow Bagley? No, sir,' I'll bet she does. But have it your own way. Well, does Judge Bagley live here?' 'Yes, Judge Bagley lives here.' I'll bet he don't. But never mind—it ain't for me to contradict." The Judge in? 'No, not at present.' 'I just expected as much; because, you know—take hold o' suthin, m'm, for I'm a going to make a little communication, and I reckon maybe it'll jar you some—there's been an accident, m'm. I've got the old Judge curled up out here in the wagon; and when you see him you'll acknowledge yourself that an inquest is the only thing that could be a comfort to him.'

A STORY is told of the daughter of a prominent person now in the lecture field, which is peculiarly suggestive of unconscious wisdom. A gentleman was invited to the lecture's house to tea. Immediately on being seated at the time the little girl astonished the family circle by the abrupt question, "Where is your wife?"

Now the gentleman having been recently separated from the partner of his life, was taken so completely by surprise that he stumbled forth the truth, "I don't know."

"Don't know?" replied the *enfant terrible*.

Finding that the child persisted in her interrogatories, despite the mild reproof of her parents, he concluded to make a clean breast of the matter, and have it over at once.

He said, with a calmness which was the result of a volley of inward expletives, "Well, we don't live together. We think, we can't agree, we had better not."

He stifled a groan as the child began again, and darted an exasperated look at her parents.

But the little torment would not be quieted till she exclaimed, "Can't agree? Then why don't you fight it out as you and me do?"

"Vengeance is mine," laughingly retorted the visitor, after "pa and ma" exchanged looks of fiery horror, followed by the inevitable roar.

He said, with a calmness which was the result of a volley of inward expletives, "Well, we don't live together. We think, we can't agree, we had better not."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE ROHDEIR

[Please communicate respecting exclusively to subjects contained in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashionable Letters" Saturday Evening Post.]

Novelties are the order of the day; and the one who first seizes out and brings to light rarities hitherto confined to the glass of the favorite of the modiste or importer, is considered the benefactor of the fashionista's world.

LADIES' HOSIERY.

Who for one instant would deem it necessary to place the stockings we wear in so conspicuous a place? And yet they have come to be governed by the arbitrary rules of Fashion, fully as much as the necktie, gloves, or handkerchiefs. And the new style of hose are, from their beauty, entitled to more than a passing glance or word. Take, for instance, a large sample case in glass, in our largest emporium, standing in the most conspicuous place, filled with stockings—stockings of the finest silk and richest colors.

Some in flesh color are alternate stripes, one stripe of lace, a second wrought in delicate vines, with every color known. And the stockings remind one of the old-fashioned sample of days gone by. This is one style.

Another is the tops of flesh color, the feet and ankles of blue, dotted with raised diamonds in white. And still others in bare, scarlet and white, pink and white, blue and white, and, for mourning, black and white, and white with dots and crosses of black.

And we have, too, the same, in imitation, in blue, good shape, and long, costing \$1.75 and \$2, while the silk cost from \$6 to \$25 per pair.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

are gotten up for the purpose of showing to good advantage these fancy affairs, and those are in the high boot, and half shoe, known as the Oxford, instead of buttoning, or being finished with elastic at the side, they fasten on the top of the foot, with straps and one button to each, and width of the strap between each, thus showing the stocking as it is at a passing glance.

PRIVATE HANDKERCHIEFS, as well as shoes and stockings, seem destined to occupy an important part in fashion's realm, and it is nothing to see fine lined cambric, with a scantly-frilled ruffle of purple, mauve, buff, or any color to match the dress; and these dainty affairs cost \$5 each.

Another style, with a puff of blue or rose or other lined silk, edged on the outer edge, also falling over the cambric, with the finest Valentines, and these range from \$1.50 upward.

NECKLINES.

are also noted among the novelties; and while it would seem every style had long ere this been exhausted, we notice some light, fluffy affairs on two or three lengths of silk musc, usually white, finished with tassels at the end. Others are long, in soft twilled silk or crepe, laid in six or eight tiny plait, all lain upward, and the whole edged with rich lace, and often rose medallions of lace fill the ends.

FLOWERS.

take the place of the ends of ties to a great extent; and often this exquisite plaiting of silk and lace is fastened together and the point of the corsage with a bouquet of rare flowers.

FRENCH NOVELTIES,

in exact imitation of flowers, fruits, etc., are just now the rage. To describe them is almost an impossibility, for they seem but a breath of air; a single perfume of a rare exotic, a fleeting fancy, so delicate are

the painted beauties come in sets—

perhaps two tiny pincers for the ears, a larger one for the throat, and a tiny cluster on a pin for the hair, or perhaps two miniature rosebuds, so delicate, so frail, with a larger bud surrounded by smaller, to be worn as a bouquet, to catch the lace scarf or tie together.

Others, to please more settled tastes, are in larger flowers, the head of a dog, or cat, or bird; it seems no person's taste has been omitted in the getting up of the French goods of to-day.

SHELL GLOVES.

are very popular as ornaments, and a pretty shell opera chain that we particularly admired was formed of round and oblong links, and a pretty charm caught it together at the throat, and two lockets, prettily carved, were suspended as charms at the root of the hair. There are also shell balls for the ears, that are perfectly transparent, and very light and suitable for summer.

LACE SHAWLS.

are now in full vogue. We notice a favorite style for wearing is, the back belted in at the waist and confined to each shoulder to form a hood at the back; pretty and graceful for a tall person, with straight, narrow shoulders.

PIQUE SUITS,

for the little bodies, are now offered in two colors, buff and brown; the brown put on in broad plait, with a metal band stamped in each and the edges covered with a fine black braid; and a broad piece of the brown extends the whole length of the front, with a beautifully stamped vine ready for broading; and these suits are offered at the low price of \$3 each.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. S. S. S. The figured suits mentioned above seem to us the most stylish of anything cheap. You can purchase for a little girl of four or five beautiful Gabrilles in white, braided and trimmed with needlework, from \$6 up; and some in brown, braided, with a linnen overskirt, with two pockets, all braided, for \$6. The brown or gray would be splendid for traveling.

MOLLY BURKS. Nothing new since last issue for the hair. Fancy ornaments of blue or in steel are worn, and help to hold the coronet and waves in place.

TEMPY C. Get gray deuge and put with your purple silk; scant ruffles of deuge, with the hem turned on the right side and piped with the purple. Sleeves of the silk, and a sleeveless polonaise of the deuge.

JONES. A gray chip, trimmed with gray silk, pink daisies, and a gray plume, costing about \$10, would make a lovely traveling hat with your gray silk, and do for a hat had all the season. Get a white chip, trimmed with blue, for your bust; the plaid of blue flowers, and blue ostrich tips and white crimp ruching inside the hat.

EDWELL. We have heard of these imitation stones, so very like the genuine; will examine and give you our opinion soon.

ALICE ERIN.

THE SILENT LOVER.

BY T. MORSE.

I would tell her I love her,
Did I but know the way;
Could my lips but discern
What her lover would say.
Then I could tell her her
Every morning I rise,
Yet when once I'm before her,
All my eloquence fails;
She's a simpleton, and you never
Such a simpleton know!
I'm in love, and yet never
Have the heart to say so.

Having plucked up a spirit
One never shaking night,
Then, thought I, I'll defer it
Till tomorrow's daylight;
But, as I lay in bed alone,
Could not frightened me more,
For I found by the moon-light
I was dumb as before.
Oh, what a fool did you ever
Such a simpleton know!
I'm in love, and yet never
Have the heart to say so.

THE WISDOM OF A FOOL.

Adapted from the French.

BY ALBERT GERVAISE.

"My the only way!"—Shakespeare

In a certain town, before the cook-shop of a restaurant, a hungry porter was eating his black bread in the steam of the meat煮, and found it so seasoned, extremely savory. At last, when all the bread had been devoured, the cook seized him by the collar and wanted him to pay for the smell of the meat. The porter said that the cook had sustained no loss whatever; that he had taken nothing of his, and therefore he owed him nothing, as for the smell in question, it had been steaming out into the street, as free to any one as the air he breathed, and such a thing as selling or buying the smell of roast beef, had never been heard of. The cook replied that the porter's dry repast had been rendered more palatable by the smell of the meat, which was not meant to feed porters, and swore that if he did not pay he would take away his barrow. The porter seized a cudgel and prepared to defend himself and his possessions.

The alteration became serious, the idlers gathered around to witness the result of the dispute, and with the crowd came Gingoulin, the celebrated fool. Seeing him, the cook said to the porter, "Come, let us refer our difference to the noble Gingoulin." "Agreed," replied the porter. Then Gingoulin, the fool, having listened to the cause of their quarrel, commanded the porter to take a piece of money from his belt. The porter did so, and placed it in his hand. Gingoulin took it and placed it on his left shoulder, as if to try its weight; then made a ring, as if to hear if it was good; then scanned it closely with his right eye to see if it was properly stamped. While this was being done, the cook, the porter, and the crowd of idlers, waited in profound silence. At last he again made it ring loudly several times, so that all could hear, then, first coughing two or three times, and assuming an air of magisterial dignity, he said, in a loud voice. "The court after proper hearing, and due deliberation, decides that the porter, who has eaten his bread in the fumes of the roast meat, shall pay the cook, according to law, with the sound of his money. The case is dismissed, and each party pays a moiety of the costs." Then the crowd loudly applauded the fool's decision, which appeared so equitable and just that all agreed, if the matter had been submitted to a full bench of the most learned judges, it could not have been more wisely determined.

A WILD ADVENTURE.

BY C. D. CLARK.

Sam Tully and Caleb White were trapping in the Snake river region. They were men of desperate courage, who had taken their lives in their hands too often to care for the dangers of the life they led. Caleb or Cale. White was a man who stood six feet two in his moccasins, a man whom you or I would hardly care to meet in the close of a desperate battle. His hard brown face was swarthy with scars from bullet, knife, and the claws of wild beasts; and his muscular body showed the marks of many a desperate struggle.

Sam Tully was the beau ideal of a mountaineer. Although not so powerful as Caleb, he was a man of great personal strength and desperate courage.

For many a year these two had roamed the trapping grounds together, fighting Indians, grizzlies, and wolves; chased by night over the burning prairie; defending their camp against the sudden attack of red Indians, or spending recklessly, at the risk of their lives, the traps which they had earned so hardly on the trapping grounds.

They had been out all winter, and as spring approached the last cache was covered, and the trappers began to think of returning home. They were eager for the pleasures of El Paso and Santa Fe; the lassitude, the moonlight dash over the prairie, and pleasant flirtations with the pretty Mexican girls, who above all women, dole upon the Americans and Texans; for they cannot yet be brought to believe in the fact that the Texans are members of the great Republic.

The camp was built up near the river, a channel of the Snake, which flowed through dismal canons, in which the light of day never shone; under the shadow of giant cliffs, upon which human beings never yet set foot, and only spreading out at places where the cunning beaver had built his dam. The river was broken by great rapids and abounded in rare fish, upon which they had feasted royally for many days.

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